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The President's  
Conf Pam #783

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# THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

AIR—"Star Spangled Banner."

Ye Southrons arouse, and do battle, nor yield  
To the black northern hordes now infesting your  
borders,

Not to meet a brave foe on a fair open field,  
But coward assassins and midnight marauders,

Let us rise in our might,  
Put the dastards to flight,

Or perish like *Jackson* defending our right,  
And shew them no black hearted traitors shall  
dare

Dispute with our Davis brave Washington's chair.

From insulting oppression that chafed us full more  
Each sovereign state claims the right of seceding,  
Their murderous footsteps are marked in our gore,  
On their hearth stones Missouri's fair daughters  
lie bleeding,

And their last feint death cries  
Up to heaven arise,

'Gainst each fratricide craven as onward he flies,  
And their cowardly chieftain no longer shall dare,  
Usurp from our Davis the President's chair.

See! they come! let our banner float out on the  
breeze,

Carolínians, Georgians than whom none are bolder  
Tennessee and Kentucky's keen marksmen are  
these,

Hark! the rifle's sharp click as it leaps to the  
shoulder,

And the oath they renew,  
Rings through heaven's clear blue,

That shoulder to shoulder brave loyal and true,  
They'll show them no dastardly recreant shall dare  
Deprive our bold Davis of Washington's chair.

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